

# WRECK SURVIVORS BROUGHT IN BY THE BALTIC

in with the declaration that Connolly acted in a cowardly way after the collision and was pushing women aside when stopped by Fred Spencer, a steward. Then several members of the Republic crew began to abuse Connolly and he went to his stateroom under guard.

## FLORIDA COMES INTO PORT.

At about the time the Baltic was docking the Florida, which had come in from the scene of the collision under her own steam, conveyed by the Furnessia, arrived off Sandy Hook. She proceeded slowly up the bay to Bush Docks, South Brooklyn, where she was berthed at 5 o'clock at Pier 6.

There were many thrilling stories told by the survivors on the Baltic, but the most dramatic happening of the wreck came to pass yesterday evening, long after the survivors were on their way to New York on the Baltic, and the other ships, with three exceptions, had deserted the waterlogged hulk of the Republic at sea off Nantucket Light.

## VESSEL SANK UNDER THEM.

Capt. Sealy of the Republic and one of his officers named Scott were alone on the Republic, which was in tow of the revenue cutters Gresham and Seneca and the liner Furnessia. They thought the ship would last until morning, when she could be beached off Nantucket Island.

The Republic suddenly lurched and shivered and started down under their feet. Capt. Sealy sent up a blue rocket and began to climb the rigging for his life. Up the foremast he shinned sixty feet to the truck, the vessel going down beneath him. Searchlights from the Gresham, the Seneca and the Furnessia were on him as he climbed. Finally the vessel with a final lurch dived to the bottom and he jumped into the sea, where Scott was already swimming. They were picked up by a boat's crew from the Gresham and are now on their way to New York on the Seneca.

Few of the passengers who were rescued from the Republic saved any clothing. When they got aboard the Baltic yesterday morning, after having been re-transferred from the Florida, most of them were in the clothing they wore when they retired Friday night.

They borrowed clothes from the Baltic's passengers or were furnished with such makeshifts of apparel as the officers of the ship could lay hands on. Scores of those who went aboard the Republic Friday afternoon when she sailed for Italy, fully supplied with clothing for any sort of an adventure, came back to-day wrapped in nondescript apparel and protected from the cold winds by White Star blankets and steamer rugs.

When the Republic went down last night she carried to the bottom the bodies of Mrs. Eugene Lynch, of Boston, and W. J. Mooney, of Langdon, N. D., who were killed in the collision and had been placed in coffins. Mr. Lynch, whose right leg was fractured in three places, is on the Florida. His condition was so serious that he could not be transferred to the Baltic with the other survivors last night.

The four persons killed on the Florida were probably buried at sea. Mrs. M. M. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. Dak., who was injured in the collision, successfully stood the double transfer at sea—the first from the Republic to the Florida, and the second from the Florida to the Baltic. She will recover. It is feared that Mr. Lynch, who is elderly, will not live until the Florida gets into port.

## EVENING WORLD GETS FIRST NEWS.

When the big Baltic slipped in through the fog early this morning and anchored off Ambrose Channel Light, The Evening World tug Dalzelline was waiting for her. There was not another ship in sight. The Dalzelline went alongside the Baltic, and to the reporters on the tug Capt. Ranson, of the White Star liner, and H. J. Hoyer, of Spokane, Wash., one of the Republic survivors, told the story of the collision and subsequent happenings through megaphones.

Briefly stated, the Republic, bound out, fully equipped with submarine warning fog bells and wireless telegraphy, met at the point off Nantucket, where vessels Mediterranean-bound sheer to the southward from the direct ocean lane, the Florida, bound in, and unequipped with protective fog bells and wireless.

The Florida smashed into the port side of the Republic, just abaft amidships, her sharp prow penetrating far enough to demolish two staterooms and splinter the side of another. As she backed away she left one of her anchors on board the Republic.

## THE FLORIDA CAME BACK.

In a few minutes after the collision the Florida was lost in the fog. The Republic was in imminent danger of sinking and Capt. Sealy was shouting out his wireless calls for help when the Florida, blundering around, accidentally came again upon the ship she had disabled in collision.

The transfer to the Florida of the survivors of the Republic was accomplished Saturday morning. Late in the afternoon and evening the Baltic, La Lorraine, the Furnessia, the New York and other vessels that had been summoned by wireless reached the scene of the collision.

## ALL TAKEN ON BALTIC.

At 8.20 Saturday night, the wind having risen and the crippled Florida having developed an alarming list, the Republic survivors aboard her and her own 900 and odd hysterical Italian immigrants were transferred in small boats to the Baltic. This was an arduous job—a twelve-hour strain, accomplished without mishap. Two of the Republic's passengers fell into the water, but were dragged out before their clothing was wet through.

With all the passengers of both the boats that had been in collision on board, the Baltic started for New York. The revenue cutter Gresham and the derelict destroyer Seneca made lines fast forward to the Republic with the intention of towing her to shallow water. The Furnessia fastened on astern of the hulk of the liner in order to steer it.

## THE REPUBLIC GOES DOWN.

In the mean time the Florida had started for New York under her own steam, her captain, with prospects of damages already in mind, tragically refusing any direct assistance. She was conveyed, however, by the American liner New York, which stood by her until it was apparent she was in no danger, and then hurried on to port with the mails, coming up to Quarantine just behind the Baltic.

The little Seneca and Gresham pulled and hauled at the water-

## Wireless Room on Republic, in Wreck of Which Operator Stuck to His Post

The wireless operator who steadfastly stayed at his work on the doomed vessel is J. R. Binns, a young Englishman, twenty-five years old. He was one of the first telegraphers employed by the Marconi system, five years ago, and since that time he has been at wireless stations on steamships encircling the globe three times. He was finishing his forty-first trip to New York from Europe when the accident occurred. Binns has sent out reports of disasters which have shaken the world in their list of deaths. He was aboard the Bluecher at Kingston when the earthquake destroyed part of Jamaica. He was at Genoa when the recent upheaval wiped out Messina and Reggio, and for three days tried to "raise" the wireless stations on the "boat" of Italy. Usually there are two operators aboard the liners, but in this case Binns was alone.



MARCONI OPERATOR J. R. BINNS ON THE REPUBLIC

COMMANDER WHO STUCK BY SHIP AS SHE WENT DOWN.



CAPT. SEALBY



WIRELESS OFFICE ON REPUBLIC.

## Critic of Wrecked Crew Landed Under Guard

James B. Connolly, the writer of sea stories and personal friend of President Roosevelt, whose wireless account of the disaster printed elsewhere was a peevish complaint, proved to be the most unpopular man on the Baltic when that steamship came in with the survivors. Connolly is one of the male passengers on the stricken Republic accused of seeking to get into the boats ahead of the women.

Notwithstanding that he had been accused of trying to leave the Republic out of his turn and had apologized for his action, saying he was anxious about his wife and child, he was seized by the officers and crew as the Baltic steamed up the bay to-day. Some of the sailors and stewards took exception to Connolly's remarks and refused to sing him.

He was protected by passengers and newspaper reporters and hustled to a stateroom, where he remained in seclusion until the Baltic docked. Then he was escorted, by an official of the White Star Line and several stewards, who had been ordered to protect him from assault at the hands of any wrathful member of the Republic's ship's company who might be waiting for him on the pier.

## Captain Dived Into Sea as Republic Went to Bottom.

(Continued from First Page.)

in to the Highland Light to ask if they had got any wireless that would help me out.

### FOUND THEM AT LAST.

They told me at the light that I could get my location about four miles off the light, and then to proceed south. I did so, and at 10 o'clock made out two hulls through the mist. They were the Republic and the Furnessia. The Republic was almost awash, but in an exchange of signals I learned that her Captain and crew believed she would hold up and that they had refused to leave her. The Furnessia had a line out to her and we threw a shot hawser across her bow.

The fog was tanning out then, but a nasty wind from the south was kicking up a choppy sea. All the big boats that had come to the aid of the Republic had disappeared with the passengers. It seemed to me that the Republic was rolling badly, but Capt. Sealy thought that if the sea calmed we could tow her to some nearby port or beach her.

### WANTED HIS CREW TO GO.

The sea began to kick up a deuce of a fuss about 3 o'clock so that it was impossible to do any towing. I signalled to Capt. Sealy then that I thought he had better abandon the vessel, but he replied that he would stick to her till she sank. He said, however, that he would not make his crew risk their lives.

He would let me know later when he thought it best to take the crew off. At 3.30 I got a wireless from the Seneca asking if she could render any assistance. I replied that we needed her badly, and presently the derelict destroyer came along. She also stretched a hawser to the Republic.

By that time there was not much of the Republic above water save her smokestacks, funnels, bridge and rigging. She was drawing forty feet of water. Before the Seneca arrived, I forgot to state, Capt. Sealy had sent off his boats and the fifty members of his crew that had stuck with him. They rowed to the Gresham and we pulled them aboard.

### FIRST OFFICER WITH HIM.

Capt. Sealy and his first officer, P. H. Scott, remained on the Republic in spite of our advice that he was taking his life in his hands.

The members of his crew said he had sworn to stick to his ship till the waves swallowed her, and after he had received his crew aboard the Gresham Capt. Sealy signalled that he believed that the Republic would float till morning.

By sundown the Furnessia cut her line, fearing that if the Republic went down suddenly she might be dragged down with her. I lengthened my line to 150 fathoms and so did the captain of the Seneca. Then we arranged with Capt. Sealy that we should have a small boat ready to take him off the moment he believed the steamer was going to the bottom.

### WOULD SIGNAL END.

He said that he would burn a blue light from the bridge when he believed he was in danger.

Sealy had been up all the night before and so had his mate,

## PRIEST GAVE LAST RITES TO CRASH VICTIMS

Rev. John W. Norris Administered the Sacrament on Republic.

The Rev. Dr. John W. Norris, rector of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church at Deal, N. J., was the first passenger to gain the deck of the Republic after the collision. From him it was learned that Mrs. Lynch and Mr. Mooney, who lost their lives, were not instantly killed. He administered extreme unction to both of them in their cramped staterooms before they died.

"I was thrown out of my berth by the shock," said Father Norris. "My uncle, Patrick Convery, of Perth Amboy, N. J., was in the lower berth. He did not wake, I did not want to wake him unnecessarily and went out on deck in my pajamas and night robe to see what was the matter. As soon as I saw that there had been a collision I went in and woke Mr. Convery. He pulled on his trousers and wrapped his shoulders in a steamer robe, while I managed to find my trousers and a coat and collar, but not shirt. As you see, neither my uncle nor myself has found any clothes since."

"The discipline on deck was excellent. It must be acknowledged that the women behaved much better than the men. There was no screaming or running wild—at least by the women. I saw none of them in hysterics. They were cool, and many of them set a good example to men who were about to lose their heads."

"When it was known that there were people mortally injured in the crushed state-rooms some one sought me out and asked me to minister to them. I found Mrs. Lynch first. She was scarcely alive. I think every bone in her body must have been broken. She was a pitiful sight. I administered the last rites to her and then went through the smashed partition into Mr. Mooney's stateroom and did the same service for him."

"The anchor of the Florida lay among the wreckage in this room. 'If those women had not been as brave and cool as they were, there is no telling how many of them might have been lost when they were being sent over the Republic's side and up the side of the Florida. They say it was calm. It seemed to me that the sea was choppy and the wind strong. It is a great wonder that many of them were not killed."

"The greatest praise is due to the captains of all three ships, the Republic, the Florida and the Baltic. They could not have done better."

Father Norris was met at the pier by a number of friends from Newark who took him with his uncle to the Pennsylvania station in Jersey City. They said that they would keep him in Newark until he was rested and had a new outfit of clothing.

Until the Baltic docked. Then he went ashore, escorted by an official of the White Star Line and several stewards, who had been ordered to protect him from assault at the hands of any wrathful member of the Republic's ship's company who might be waiting for him on the pier.

Scott. They were plumb tuckered out, and after making an examination of the Republic at 7.30 decided that she would not go down before morning. So they got some blankets and made a bed on the bridge. It seemed to me from what I could see that there was little of the deck that was not awash at that time.

Of course it was very dark and there was still a thick fog. We hung away from the Republic to the length of our lines, about 150 fathoms. This we had to do for safety, for we were prepared to cut the lines the moment we got Capt. Sealy's blue light.

The blue light appeared at 8.10. It leaped up in the mist like a ghostly beacon. My gunner, Carl Johanson, and four men were waiting in a small boat at the side of the Gresham. We could see the Republic only dimly. The moment Johanson saw the light the oars fell and they rowed like mad for the sinking ship.

Sealy had been curled up in a blanket on the bridge when he felt a heavy lurch forward. He leaped up and saw the Republic going down by the head. He sent up the signal and yelled down to Scott, who was below, to take to the rigging.

### SWEPT FROM SHIP.

Scott replied that he would take his chance aft on the deck and started aft when Sealy leaped into the rigging.

As the bow of the Republic dived, a great wave swept across the deck, caught the mate, Scott, and swim away from the whirlpool of wreckage.

Sealy was going up the ratlines of the mainmast of the sinking ship as our search lights found her. The Republic was going down in short lurches, and as the waters washed over the deck and then swallowed the bridge, Sealy continued to climb hand over hand, his figure sharply outlined in the glare of the search lights.

We looked on in breathless silence from the decks of the Gresham, Seneca and Furnessia. The seconds dragged like hours as that brave man climbed high into the web-like rigging and finally stood out on the truck. The Republic was going down like a stone then, with the spray of great waves leaping up about the descending mast.

### LEAPED OUT INTO THE SEA.

Sealy stood on the truck only a few instants and then leaped out in the surge. We could see him come up in another moment and swim out to a floating hatch. Three searchlights made a bright-as-day pathway for the boats, down which they raced to the two officers.

He managed barely to get his fingers on a floating hatch, which he saved his life. Scott had also picked up a piece of broken spar, which he clung to. In the mean time my small boat was racing with our searchlight turned on her. Another boat put out from the Seneca.

My boat picked up Sealy and the Seneca's boat fished out Scott. Sealy said as soon as we got him on board the Gresham, that if he and Scott had had another ten minutes before the warning of the boat's sinking they would have undoubtedly have gone down with her.

And when they were safe we all relieve our feelings in a mighty shout. When we got Sealy and Scott on board their crew danced about like maniacs, hugging each other and weeping like babies. That was the most dramatic moment in my life, and I never expect to experience another like it.

### CHEERS FOR THE RESCUED.

When the rescuing party in the dories came alongside the Gresham, with Capt. Sealy and the mate of the Republic with them, wireless signals were sent up from the Gresham that all hands were saved. Cheers rang out from the scores of boats, and as the brave captain and his mate, weak and faint from cold and exposure, were assisted on board the Gresham hurrah after hurrah were sent up in their honor.

The Gresham then steered northwest to Gay Head. Although the fog was fairly thick, she made Gay Head at about 3.45 o'clock, the sea being smooth. When she arrived at the light she was accompanied by the Seneca, and Capt. Sealy and the mate were transferred to that vessel. Immediately after the Seneca started for New York.

### TRIED TO TOW HER IN.

An attempt had been made to tow the Republic after the Gresham, the Seneca and the Furnessia stretched hawsers to her, but she had settled so deep in the water and was rolling so heavily in a chop sea that she couldn't be budged. The wind had swung round to the north-northeast and was freshening. The Gresham felt back of the Republic an' sought to act as a rudder, as the Republic couldn't be steered. The hawsers tugged and tugged in vain.

After the Republic had gone down and Capt. Sealy and his mate had been rescued, soundings were taken by the Gresham at a point where the steamship had last been seen. The lead showed thirty-eight fathoms of water.

## LITTLE BABY HORRIBLY BURNED

By Boiling Grease—Skin All Came off One Side of Face and Head—Tried an Ointment which Made It All Fester—Wee Sufferer Seemed Disfigured for Life.

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"About a year and eight months ago my baby, aged ten months, was sitting on the mat beside the fender and we were preparing the breakfast when the frying pan full of boiling grease was upset and it went all over one side of the baby's face and head. One of the family ran and wiped the scale with a towel and you may think what a mess she made, pulling the entire skin off. We took her to a chemist who told us to get a doctor, which we did. He tended her a week and gave me some stuff like lard to put on. But it all festered and I thought the baby was disfigured for life. A woman close beside me told me to try Cuticura Ointment. I used about three boxes and it was wonderful how it healed. In about five weeks it was better and then the skin began to come back and the scale had been. People used to ask me if that was the baby that was scalded and they would hardly believe me when I told them she was and what cured her face. Her skin is just like velvet and I have never been without Cuticura since. Cuticura cured three other children of ringworm besides, so I have good cause to thank it for what it has done. Mrs. Hare, 1 Henry St., South Shields, Durham, England, March 22, 1908."

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### DIED.

GREEN.—On Sunday, Jan. 24, MARY widow of William Green. Funeral from her late residence, 144 8th av., thence to St. Bernard's Church, West 11th st., at 10 A. M. MALLON.—On Jan. 24, 1909, Mary Mallon, in her fifty-eighth year. Native of Mayo County, Tyrone, Ireland. Funeral from her late residence, 220 West 25th st., Tuesday, Jan. 26, 8.30 A. M., in St. Columba's Church, Interment Calvary Cemetery.

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